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ONYX SERIES

GIRLS AND GAYETY



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By

CAROLYN WELLS

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no.

GIRLS AND GAYETY

THE PAYING TELLER

O H, maid with the sweetest of faces,
When I see you come in at the door,
With your flutter of ribbons and laces
I wish I could sink through the floor.
My heart all absurdly is thrumming,
My nerves are an absolute wreck;
For I know what it means when you're coming
To make out a check.

With your pretty brows drawn in a straight line,
You settle yourself in a chair,
You write the amount on the date line,
And write the date in anywhere;
You blot two or three, and tear those up,
(This is an imperative rule!)
Unconsciously wrinkling your nose up
Like children at school.

You roll your blue eyes toward the ceiling,
As if you were seeking for aid;
Then fling me a glance so appealing,
I long to say, "Don't be afraid!"

THE PAYING TELLER

Then you shyly remark, with remorse, "It
Is not very legibly penned,"—
And hastily then you endorse it
Across the wrong end.

Adorable, ignorant maiden,
Though I snatch every possible chance,
With danger the moments are laden
When I'm trying to teach you finance.
Yet frequent your visits I pray be,
May the figures your mind oft perplex;
And far, far away may the day be
When you can draw checks.

RENUNCIATION

DO right, sweetheart, and persevere,
With steadfast eye and brow austere.
Apart our ways forever lie;
We must remember—you and I—
So shall we keep our conscience clear.

And then without reproach or fear
We'll drift asunder year by year;
But, once—before we say good-bye,—
Do write, sweetheart.

Of course, in such exalted sphere
I do not care fond words to hear;
Yet in my heart is just one cry
For one dear name before I die;
So, in the letter—oh, my dear,
Do write, "Sweetheart."

BALLADE OF THE PANNIER SKIRT

I'VE gathered from Fashion's late hints
That panniers are coming this way;
To visions of sweet flowered chintz
My fancies impulsively sway
To shepherdess costumes so gay,
Where saucy, puffed panniers appear;
Indeed, 'tis a fetching array—
I'm glad that the panniers are here.

I look at those fresh, dainty prints,
Besprinkled with blossoms of May,
In delicate, roseate tints,
Each figure a tiny bouquet;
A lawn with a background of gray,
And figured with rosebuds, is dear!
Oh, yes, when these goods I survey
I'm glad that the panniers are here.

A flash of a shoe buckle's glints
I see, as my thoughts wider stray;
Some fennel or cool lozenge mints,
Side curls of an earlier day;
Soft shawls of a pattern broché,
Long bodices, pointed and queer;
It is an enchanting display—
I'm glad that the panniers are here.

BALLADE OF THE PANNIER SKIRT

L'Envoi.

Dame Fashion, come hither, I pray,
Let me whisper a word in your ear;
I'm glad hobble skirts are passé,
I'm glad that the panniers are here.

DECEIVERS EVER

A DOWNY, brownny Butterfly
Fell in love with a Morning-Glory.
He fluttered near, she leaned to hear,
As he whispered the old, old story.

"I love you, love you, little flower;
You've won my heart completely.
Oh, Blossom Blue, do you love me, too?"
The blossom looked up sweetly.

And, smiling through a tear of dew,
She murmured, "Yes, my own."
The words fell fair on the summer air,—
The Butterfly had flown!

THE PRINCE'S GIFT

LONG ago, in the time they call olden,
A King held magnificent reign;
His days and his sceptre were golden,
He had pages to carry his train.
He was stately beyond all expression,
With majestic and dignified mien,
And he held as his dearest possession
His daughter, Claudine.

The Princess Claudine was a Venus;
From her curly crowned head to her toe
She was simply perfection. (Between us,
A Princess is always, you know.)
And ere she had done with her tutors,—
So witchingly lovely was she,—
An endless procession of suitors
Were bending the knee.

“Away! I’ll consider no offers,”
She cried, as her fan she unfurled,
“Save his who for wedding-gift proffers
The prettiest thing in the world!”
As she was a creature of fancies,
And her father supplied every whim,
Each suitor felt sure that his chances
Were fearfully slim.

THE PRINCE'S GIFT

So, hopelessly timid and shrinking,
They offered their gifts one by one;
The Princess spurned all of them, thinking,
"I wish they'd make haste and be done!"
Until, at the last, smiling blandly,
A dashing and handsome young knight
Bowed—doffing his feathered cap grandly,
With manner polite.

"I claim your hand, Princess, by virtue
Of the gift I have chosen to bring,"
He said. "And I boldly assert you
Will say 'tis the prettiest thing
In the world." He produced his gift duly.
The Princess in ecstasy cried.
"How perfectly lovely! Yea, truly
I will be your bride!"

In her robes for the wedding attiring,
The Princess with happiness glowed,
For she spent half her time in admiring
The gift that the Prince had bestowed.
Its safety she ordered protected
By a fierce and a fully armed force.
And this gift was,—as you have suspected,—
A mirror, of course!

THE MODERN DAMOSEL

THE Modern Damosel went out
To a Bridge Game at even.
Though she began at half-past eight,
She wasn't dressed till 'leven.
She had three bangles on each hand,
And plumes in her hair were seven.

Her robe, a sheath from clasp to hem,
No trimming did adorn;
Beneath its clinging scantiness
No petticoats were worn.
It fitted,—as the inside husk
Fits round the young green corn.

She scarcely ate at all, because
Of those corsetières;
The hunger was not yet quite gone
From that last bant of hers.
Albeit it seemed to her her fast
Had lasted 'most ten years.

It was a pair of high French heels
That she was standing on;
So tall she was,—and yet so slim,—
One wondered how 'twas done.
So slim, that looking sideward toward,
You scarce saw anyone!

THE MODERN DAMOSEL

And still she pulled herself and pinched
 Into the circling charm,
Until it really must have made
 Her very fagged and warm.
But the straight lines fell curvelessly
 Along her hipless form.

"I wish that I were yet more slim!
 For I'm too stout," she cried.
"Have I not banted, bathed and thumped?
 Lord! Lord! Have I not tried?
And though this skirt's but few scant breadths,
 I fear it is too wide."

She puffed and panted, then she said,
 Less sad of speech than blown,—
"I think perhaps I might have worn
 A trifle longer bone.
And yet, of course, Doucet is right,
 I'll let the thing alone!"

I saw her start. But soon her gait
 Was vague, I must admit.
She couldn't move her arms at all,
 Her sleeves were such a fit.
And though at Bridge she took a hand,
 She stood. (She couldn't sit.)

OVERHEARD AT THE MILLINER'S

OH, no! I can't wear mauve at all!
It makes me look——" "Isn't that cunning!"
"Grace had a toque like that last fall."
"Yes, black and white is always stunning."

"How can you think I'd wear that thing!
It's like a ——" "Well, malines is cheaper,
But not so——" "No, a pheasant's wing——"
"Not quite that shade—a trifle deeper."

"Sixty-five dollars!" "Yes, it's so!
Promise me you will never breathe it!
She went alone with——" "One big bow,
And just a few bluets to wreathe it."

"Oh, well, if you can't wait on me——"
"No, never let cerise come near you!
It makes you look——" "What! Forty-three?
I'll take it, please." "Be still; she'll hear you."

"My dear, she looked a perfect fright——"
"I think these prices are outrageous!"
"No, I won't have it faced with white——"
"Milliner's bills make Jack rampageous."

"I can't decide between these two——
Which do you like?" "They simply fleeced her,

OVERHEARD AT THE MILLINER'S

She said——" "How dare you show me blue!
You know——" "But I want this for Easter!"

"I heard she threatened to elope
Unless——" "Those close effects are trying."
"Haven't you anything in taupe?"
"Oh, I'm just shopping, I'm not buying!"

THE NEWEST HORROR

FAIR women I love and adore,
Abjectly I bow 'neath their sway;
Their beauty I sing o'er and o'er,
Their lightest behest I obey.
I approve of their gorgeous array,
I want them to dress as they please;
But I really must voice my dismay
At those gowns that are slashed to the knees!

A fluffy mass trailing the floor
Is a graceful and charming display;
And even the sheath gowns they wore
Were pretty enough in their day.
A costume of stiff white piqué
With my notion of order agrees;
But no words can my horror convey
Of those gowns that are slashed to the knees!

I'm certain that never before
Was a fashion so sadly astray;
When one wabbles in at the door,
My amusement I fear I betray.
They try to look happy and gay—
These ladies at afternoon teas—
But they walk such a comical way
In those gowns that are slashed to the knees!

THE NEWEST HORROR

L'Envoi.

Dame Fashion, you hear what I say;
Oh, please put your ban upon these;
Remove from my vision, I pray,
Those gowns that are slashed to the knees!

L'ENVOI OF WOMEN'S BRIDGE

WHEN Earth's last Bridge Game is finished,
and Earth's last Rubber is done,
When the oldest "Shark" has been beaten, and the
youngest "Fiend" has won,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,—sit down
for a Rubber or two,
Till the Hostess of all Bridge Parties shall give us
a deal anew.

Then we who play well shall be happy,—we shall
deal from a golden pack,
And hold a hundred Aces, and no card less than a
Jack;
And all of our contracts shall prosper, and all our
finesses succeed,
And we'll hoard our trumps like a miser, and never
return a lead.

And only our partners shall profit, and only op-
ponents go broke,—
And no one shall frown on "post mortems," and no
one shall notice revoke.
But each, in her feminine fashion, unheeding the
other's complaint,
Shall play the game as she sees it, by the Laws of
Bridge as it ain't!

CREATION

GOD made an awful lot of things;
Some Summers, several thousand
Springs,—

The morning and the afternoon,
The sky, the mist, the sea, the moon;
The south wind and the new-mown hay,
The mountain brook and ocean spray.

And then there are some things, you see,
That God made specially for me;
Red roses, yellow daffodils,
The shadows on the purple hills,—
A cobweb, pearled with morning dew,
A certain shining star,—and you.

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS

WHY doth the little busy girl
Pile on her pretty head
A switch, a puff, a braid, a curl,
Of ladies who are dead?

Why doth she then with calm delight
Perch up on top of that
A most absurd bombastic fright,
A horror of a hat?

Why doth she then her pretty shape
Hide in a luckless gown
That hath no graceful curves to drape?
It's only up and down.

Why doth she hie herself to lunch,
Study the bill of fare,
And then proceed to buy and munch
One chocolate éclair?

Why doth she softly murmur no,
When what she means is yes?
And when she knows it isn't so,
Why doth she acquiesce?

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS

Why doth she dance us round in glee,
Like puppets tied to strings?
And yet, in secret, why do we
Love her for just these things?

THE LITTLE TUNE

OH, once there was a little tune that wanted to
be sung,
But no one ever thought of it, so no one gave it
tongue.

It hovered round musicians' souls, it quivered in the
air,
But nobody discovered it or dreamed that it was
there.

'Twas such a merry little tune, so blithe and gay and
glad,
But after waiting weary years the little tune grew
sad.

And though it didn't understand its nameless long-
ing pain,
Its merry melody became a wailing, haunting strain.

One summer night, all aimlessly, it idly floated near
A wonderful musician, who bent his soul to hear;

He caught the sad, sweet melody, then, with con-
summate art,
He sang the little tune to typify a broken heart.

THE MOON'S SONG

I WONDER if the Moon could sing
On a marvelous mystical night in Spring,—
I wonder what the song would be
That the Minstrel Moon would sing to me.
And, as I think, I seem to know
How the music of the Moon would go,—
It would be a mystic murmuring strain
Like the falling of far-away fairy rain—

Just a soft and silvery song,
That would swish and swirl along.
Not a word
Could be heard
But a lingering ding-a-dong.
Just a melody low and sweet,
Just a harmony faint and fleet,
Just a croon
Of a tune
Is the music of the Moon.

BALLADE OF THE VEIL

THE poets often write
Of maids in brave array,—
Of Wilhelmine in white,
Of Gertrude gowned in gray,
Of Polly in piqué,
Or Patty in percale,—
I honor with my lay
The girl who wears a veil.

The fascinating sight
An artist might portray;
'Tis like a halo bright,
'Tis like the ocean spray;
A comet gone astray,
A misty, filmy trail—
Behold upon Broadway
The girl who wears a veil!

All pearly gray and white,
Its ripples swirl and sway;
And morning, noon, or night,
At shop or matinée,
In street car or coupé,
Or in the Flatiron's gale,
She's always glad and gay,
The girl who wears a veil.

BALLADE OF THE VEIL

L'Envoi

Princess, you may display
Your crowns without avail;
I'll choose, while yet I may,
The girl who wears a veil.

FALL FASHIONS IN EDEN

EVE was ever very clever,
And her summer gabardine
Was of color never duller
Than a brilliant apple green.

Quite contented, she invented
Costumes very smart and trig;
Adam gaily told her daily,
"You are stunning in that rig!"

Well, the summer was a hummer
For humidity and heat;
But the lady in her shady
Garb looked very cool and sweet.

Came the autumn, and it brought 'em
Shorter days, and chill and cold;
And the vernal grew hibernal,
Changed to russet, red and gold.

Eve, whose passion was the fashion,
Made her garments up-to-date;
Lovely, glowing colors showing
In her leafy garb ornate.

But when Adam said, "Dear Madam,
Going-away gowns should be quiet;

FALL FASHIONS IN EDEN

And these florid hues are horrid,—
Red and gold in color riot!”

Eve then made her something staidier,
Of dead fig leaves, dull and brown;
Her new suit, he called a beauty;—
Just right for a traveling gown!

BALLADE OF SPRING IN THE CITY

APRIL dawns on Manhattan Isle,
Spring's sweet breath fills the urban air;
Street pianos our hearts beguile
Whose hints of roof-gardens banish care.
The parks are filled with a verdure rare,
The tallest tree and the humblest weed
Are green with a greenness beyond compare,—
Spring in the City is Spring indeed!

Florists' windows are gay the while,
With beribboned posies debonair;
Along street-corners, mile on mile,
Flowers bloom riotous everywhere.
Daffodils tremble and tulips flare,
Lilacs breathe softly their heavenly creed;
Jonquils and hyacinths witness bear
Spring in the City is Spring indeed!

Babies with wide and vacant smile
Contentedly babble and calmly stare;
Poodles clipped in the latest style
Caper and gambol around the Square.
Smiling maidens delightedly wear
Modish new costumes of tailored tweed;
In their delight I am proud to share,—
Spring in the City is Spring indeed!

BALLADE OF SPRING IN THE CITY

L'Envoi

Reuben, you think your domain is fair,
The countryside with its flowery mead
And spreading meadows,—but I declare
Spring in the City is Spring indeed!

MY HAPPINESS

MY Happiness, my Happiness, it is a tricky thing—

Sometimes it dances to me upon a day in spring;
Sometimes it babbles idly in a little mountain brook;
Sometimes it's plainly printed on the pages of a
book;

Sometimes it sings between the lines of notes you
write to me;

Sometimes all closely hidden in a red rose it may be;
Sometimes a single word of it is flashed o'er miles
of wire;

Sometimes it is close-whispered in the Land of
Hearts' Desire;

Sometimes it comes at morning and makes the whole
day bright;

Sometimes, when stars are shining, its songs fly
through the night;

Sometimes I cannot find it, and I vaguely wonder
why;

Sometimes I fear I've lost it in that awful word,
"Good-by"—

But still, whatever comes with Time, my Happiness
is true;

For, Best Beloved, well you know, my Happiness
is you.

A BALLADE OF FUGACITY

TO-DAY life's pace is set so fast,
So swift the turning of the sphere,
We've scarcely weathered December's blast
Before the roses of June appear.
We have no time to enjoy our cheer,
Grief we've no leisure to bewail,
Existence is hasty and insincere.
Where is the foam of yestreen's pail?

Memories haste to a shadowy past,
Unremembered is Celia's tear;
The only emotion is the last,
Effaced is the smile of Vere de Vere,
Neglected is Sylvia's souvenir,
Forgotten the swirl of Flavia's veil,
Lost in the rush of a mad career.
Where is the foam of yestreen's pail?

Now and again I stand aghast,
Haunted a moment by sudden fear.
Where is the fortune I once amassed?
Where is my income of yesteryear?
But roses and violets are so dear,
Also expensive are cakes and ale,
And I'm but a merry cavalier.
Where is the foam of yestreen's pail?

A BALLADE OF FUGACITY

L'Envoi

Prince, my philosophy is clear,
Look not back on a trodden trail;
The time is now and the place is here.
Where is the foam of yestreen's pail?

A SUMMER DAY

I REMEMBER one perfect summer day,
When the whole wide world seemed glad and
gay;
When the hours trilled by like a happy song
And life was sweet the whole day long.

Did the sun shine? No; it was raining fast.
Did the flowers bloom? No; they drooped in the
blast.
Did the birds sing? No; they hid in the tree—
But, heart of my heart, you were here with me!

FASHION'S TYRANNY

(To-day)

I WILL *not* wear a harem skirt!
I *never* will, upon my word!
No argument can e'er convert
Me to a fashion so absurd!

(Next week)

I saw a harem skirt to-day,
That really had a deal of grace;
I wonder if it's come to stay.
I *might* try one—if *that's* the case.

(Week after next)

A harem skirt I've bought at last!
Of latest cut—it's just too sweet!
It caused some comment as I passed
Along a fashionable street!

(The week after that)

Now, *all* my gowns have harem skirts!
I think I have a dozen pair!
And scornfully my mind reverts
To those old frocks we used to wear!

SECRETS

AWAY and away from the busy town,
Soft on the sea the stars shine down;
And nobody knows of the stars and the sea,
But Mine and Me.

Away and away the wind breathes low,
The branches are waving to and fro;
And nobody knows of the wind in the tree,
But Mine and Me.

Away and away in a far somewhere
The roses are red and sweet and fair;
And nobody knows of a rose that may be
But Mine and Me.

THE DIFFERENCE

AH! heavy is my heart,
Or light as any feather,
If we're alone, apart,
Or we're alone together.

LOVE

LOVE listeth not to set his captives free;
Love knows no ruth, firm in his fond endeavor.

A gaoler, skilled in forging fetters, he;
His prisoners bear his golden chains forever.
Love listeth not to set his captives free.

Love pleaseth well the captives that he binds
Soft are his chains and silken are his fetters;
His prison gladdens men of many minds,
A blessed bondage holds his willing debtors.
Love listeth not to set his captives free.

AN AQUARELLE

A MERMAID, people sometimes think,
Has nothing else to do
But to sit on the rocks
And comb her locks
The livelong summer through.

But I will tell you of Mermaid Smith,
And I'll tell you of Mermaid Brown,
Who would oft dispense
O'er the garden fence
The gossip of the town.

On summer mornings Mermaid Smith
With her apron o'er her head,
And Mermaid Brown
In a calico gown
And a sunbonnet striped with red,

At their garden gate for an hour or more
Would loiter with idle fins;
The little twirls
Of their golden curls
Done up in crimping-pins.

And Mermaid Brown would tell Mermaid Smith
How her jellyfish wouldn't jell,
It had simmered and boiled,

AN AQUARELLE

Till she feared it was spoiled,
Said Mermaid Smith, "Do tell!"

And Mermaid Smith had trouble, too.

She had set her sponge to rise,

And it hadn't riz;

"What a shame that is!"

Said Mermaid Brown with sighs.

Then perhaps they'd discuss Miss Lorelei Green

Who disappeared one day;

With a gay sea-urchin,

While her parents were searchin',

She wickedly ran away.

And the two good fishwives deeply sighed,

And expressed a heartfelt wish

That both of their daughters

In calm, placid waters,

Should attend a polite school of fish.

Then one would say, "This won't do for me!

It's time my work began."

"And I must away,"

The other would say,

"I've some ocean currents to can."

And so the Mermaids, as you see,

Are very much like us:

A little work,

A little shirk,

A little fluster and fuss.

BALLADE OF INDOLENCE

SOME people, like the bee, we find
Will toil all day with patient skill;
Or, with the industrious ant in mind,
Will labor up the steepest hill.
Some endlessly will grind a mill,
Or run a factory or steamer;
Others a fallow field will till,
I'd rather be an Idle Dreamer.

Some may be of a studious mind,
And all night long, till morning chill,
At ponderous, musty tomes they'll grind
Until from overwork they're ill,
They'll analyze a fish's gill,
Or learn the habits of the lemur,
Or trace the platypus's bill,
I'd rather be an Idle Dreamer.

Some think that in their souls enshrined
Fair genius sits, with throb and thrill,
O'er myriad pages closely lined,
All feverishly they push a quill.
I'd rather hear the woodbirds trill,
Or watch a lazy, floating streamer;
Of all fair things had I my will,—
I'd rather be an Idle Dreamer.

BALLADE OF INDOLENCE

L'Envoi

Satan, I fear no mischief still,
I fold my hands without a tremor ,
I've no ambitions to fulfill,
I'd rather be an Idle Dreamer.

THE LATEST FAD

NANNETTE is just the dearest girl;
To her I vow my love and duty;
From slipper-tip to shining curl
She's my ideal of dainty beauty.
She's all a fiancée should be;
No words are fond enough to praise her;
But life has lost its charm for me
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

The passing fad of each new day
Has caught and held her fickle fancy;
It nearly took my breath away
When she went in for chiromancy.
She studied psychical research,
And hypnotism didn't faze her;
She even joined the Buddhist church;
But now she is a crystal-gazer.

Some of her fads I rather liked—
Her cult of Ibsen or of Browning,
Her swagger costume when she biked,
Her dress-reform and Delsarte gowning;
I liked it when she tried to cook
Crabs à la Newburg in her blazer;
But life takes on a different look
Since Nan became a crystal-gazer.

THE LATEST FAD

Her fervid gaze she concentrates—
That crystal ball her constant focus;
She ardently invokes the Fates
And all their mystic hocus-pocus,
With muscles tense, and head erect,
Until the gleaming crystal sways her
(I've known it to have that effect,
Though I am not a crystal-gazer).

Of course I know it's but a freak,
The very latest London notion;
She may forget it in a week,
And find some other new devotion.
But with my heart too long she's played,—
I wonder if it would amaze her
If I should woo another maid
While Nan remains a crystal-gazer.

THE BOOKWORM AND THE BUTTERFLY

OH, listen to the story of a giddy Butterfly
To whom a musty Bookworm dared to lift his
fusty eye.

He paid his court and pressed his suit with such as-
tounding vim,
That the giddy little Butterfly said Yes, and married
him.

But after they were married, did that Bookworm
want to go
To every concert, ball or hop, raree or puppet show?
No—sitting in his study, he declined to go at all
To opera or theatre or tea or concert-hall.

Now Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands
to do,
And though that little Butterfly was loving, fond
and true,
A dashing, slashing Dragon-Fly she chanced to meet
one day,
She yielded to temptation and with him she flew
away.

This fable clearly teaches that a husband all his life
Should relinquish his vocation in favor of his wife.

THE ORIGINAL SUMMER GIRL

AFTER much biologic research,
From evidence strong, I believe
That I have found out
Beyond shadow of doubt
That the first Summer Girl was Eve.

She had unconventional ways,
She lived out-of-doors, and all that;
She was tanned by the sun
Until brown as a bun,
For she roamed 'round without any hat.

To a small garden-party she went,
Where the men were exceedingly few;
But she captured a mate
And settled her fate,
As often these Summer Girls do.

Now, my statement, of course, I have proved,
But as evidence that isn't all;
A Summer Girl she
Is conceded to be
Because she staid there till the Fall.

THE BRIDE-TO-BE SPEAKS

I'VE read of Romeo's great love
For gentle Juliet;
I've read how Aucassin adored
The lovely Nicolette;
But though these storied love-affairs
Intense are said to be,
They pale to nothingness beside
The love of Jack for me!

Of Abelard and Héloïse
I've read the legend sweet;
Of Orpheus and Eurydice,
Of Faust and Marguerite.
Although they are affectionate,
To ours, their passion seems
As one compares a candle's light
To the sun's noonday beams!

They say Mark Antony did crimes
For Cleopatra's sake;
They say that brave young Lochinvar
Stayed not for brink or brake;
They say that for his Hero sweet,
Leander swam the sea;
But those are nothing to the deeds
My Jack would do for me!

THE BRIDE-TO-BE SPEAKS

And then their letters! Oh, I've read
Book after book of those;
They're utter twaddle—though they're meant
To thrill you I suppose.
In each absurd high-sounding phrase
No meaning I can see;
Oh, you just ought to read the notes
Jack daily sends to me!

Prove it? Well, yes, I guess I can!
Jack writes: "Sweetheart, I send
A kiss for that dear little smile
With a dimple at each end."
Now, don't you think that sort of thing
Beats all their classic rimes?
Men never talked or wrote like that
In those old-fogy times!

THE LAST STRAW

I DON'T denounce all suffragists—
Some few of them are rather nice;
But one of them declared last week
That they are "not afraid of mice"!

Shades of eternal feminine!
This is the last and hardest blow!
But let us hope there's some mistake,
Perhaps it isn't really so.

We have forgiven many things—
From night-keys to divided skirts.
They've lost their clinging-vine effects;
But this new message really hurts.

Oh, woman, if it's come to this,
That you, unmoved, a mouse may see
Nor scream and climb up on a chair,
You've lost your femininity!

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY

ONE touch of sunburn makes the whole world
skin.

The Summer Girl makes cowards of us all.

The proof of the picnic is in the eating.

Surf bathing levels all ranks.

There's no fool like a summer fool.

Flirting is its own reward.

A hand in the hand is worth two in the gloves.

A little Summer Girl is a dangerous thing.

Seaside communications corrupt good manners.

Absence makes the heart go yonder.

Hilarity covers a multitude of sins.

Faint heart never won four ladies.

Money makes the time go.

Take care of the tents and the towns will take care
of themselves.

Two chaperones are better than one.

A man is known by the secrets he keeps.

Nice men tell no tales.

In a multitude of Summer Girls there is safety.

It's a long head that has no turning.

It's a sea breeze that blows nobody good.

AT THE CONVENTION

THE Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
The speech she had prepared would take
From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her hands—
And pins in her hat were seven.

Her robe, designed by Madame Rose,
Hand-wrought flowers did adorn;
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.
"Have I not on the finest gown
That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"

She plumed and rustled and then spoke—
Less sad of speech than wild.
She shouted gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite acidulous
The Antis she reviled.

AT THE CONVENTION

I saw her smile—but soon her smile
Was turned to haughty sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes—
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

ABOU BEN EDICT

ABOU BEN EDICT—May he never die!—
Awoke one night from dreams of hot mince
pie,
And saw a sort of vision in mid-air,
With misty robe and floating golden hair.
“Good gracious me!” Ben Edict said, “who’re you?”
The Vision smiled—Ben Edict he smiled, too.
“Sir,” said the Vision, with a charming pout,
“They tell me that Romance is dying out;
And so I’m canvassing a little bit,
Just to investigate the truth of it.
I must be through my task ere dawn arrives;
I write the names of men who love their wives.”
“That’s me!” cried Abou, “put me right up top!”
“Nay, not so fast,” the Vision said, “just stop
And think a minute, sir, for you must own
You sometimes speak to her in snappish tone;
You let her do too many household tasks;
You never give her money till she asks;
You throw the Sunday papers on the floor;
And you forget to close the front screen door.
Oh, no, Ben Edict, you’re a hopeless case;
I guess I’ll go away now from this place.”
“Hold on,” cried Abou, “let me have a say!
I like to have her buy hats, anyway!”

ABOU BEN EDICT

The Vision stared at him. Then wagged each wing,
And passed away as quick as anything.
But when that list went to the printers' shop,
Abou Ben Edict's name was at the top!

TO THE MODERN GIRL

THERE, little girl, don't vote!
You've been badgered and urged, I know,
And the things they said
Nearly turned your head
And set your young heart aglow;
But it's hackneyed heresy they quote—
There, little girl, don't vote,
Don't vote!

There, little girl, don't vote!
'Tis a fashion and fad, I know,
And the millionaires,
With their subtle snares,
Are making you think it's so;
But they are wrong, and time will show't—
There, little girl, don't vote,
Don't vote!

There, little girl, don't vote!
You have beautiful clothes, I know—
That blue Marquisette,
With the band of jet,
Would make a most splendid show;
But, though you've a Russian sable coat—
There, little girl, don't vote,
Don't vote!

ABOUT ABBIE

ABBIE BEN ADAMS—May her life be spared!
Awoke one night, and felt a trifle scared;
For on her shirt-waist box, cross-legged, sate
A Vision writing on a little slate.
Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake;
And to the Vision timidly she spake:
“What writest thou?” The Vision looked appalled
At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:
“The list of our best people who depart
For watering-places sumptuous and smart.”
“And am I in it?” asked Miss Abbie. “No!”
The scornful Vision said. “You’re poor, you know.”
“I know,” said Abbie; “I go where it’s cheap.
I can’t afford mountains or prices steep.
But, ere you leave, just jot this item down—
I never leave my cats to starve in town.”
The Vision wrote and vanished. Next night, late,
He came again, and brought his little slate
And showed the names of people really best,
And lo! Miss Abbie’s name led all the rest!

ALONE

THERE should be two words, dearest, one made
up
Of all glad sounds that ever breathed on earth;
Of all the ecstasies that fill joy's cup,
Of love, and peace, and happiness, and mirth.

The other, like a weary, wailing sigh,
Full of sad tones in longing, hungry strain,
Hopeless, despairing, just a baffled cry
Of love and loneliness and blank, numb pain.

One I would love,—the other I would fear,
These two words, chosen with consummate art;
One meaning we're alone together, dear,
The other meaning, we're alone,—apart.

HONEST CONFESSION

I'VE heard a lot of stories of the silkworm and the
bee;

Of course, they are industrious,—and yet it seems
to me

They aren't very merry, and they never have much
fun;

Their only aim in life's to finish work they have
begun.

They're at it very early, and they sit up very late,
And that they never dawdle I can positively state.
I think that they persuade themselves they really
like to work;

And nothing, I am certain, ever tempted them to
shirk.

They have no sense of humor, and they don't know
how to play;

They seek for no amusement and their life is dull
and gray.

They're held up as examples, they get fame and
glory both;—

Their reputation's world-wide,—but I'd rather be a
sloth.

TRANSCENDENCE

DEAR Heart, although Ambition's trumpet-call
Arouses thee in triumph to respond;
Remember that its guerdon is not all,—
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, though Love and Passion beckon thee,
And charm thee with alluring cadence fond;
Bethink thee, in their highest ecstasy,
I am beyond.

Dear Heart, when grief and sorrow bow thee low,
And hold thee in a grim and silent bond,—
Though to their farthest confines thou mayst go,
I am beyond.

THE WORLD

I WONDER what the world is like,
Across the field, beyond the pike;
The great big world, where people play,
And something happens every day.
It seems to me that it must look
Like pictures in my Fairy Book;
It's strange and beautiful, I know,—
I want to go, I want to go.

Perhaps the lovely ladies there
Ride grandly out to take the air,
Attend the banquet or the play,—
But as to that I cannot say.
I close my eyes and seem to see
A maiden laughing happily;
But what the Prince says soft and low,—
I do not know, I do not know.

I'm sure if I could go, I'd find
The world to me exceeding kind;
No care or trouble could befall,
There's happiness enough for all.
There must be some for little me;
But they have never let me see
The great big happy world. And, oh!
I want to go,—I want to go!

TROUBLE

I CANNOT wear the old clothes
I wore a few months since;
They are not of the latest shades,
"Burnt custard," or such tints.
The waist-lines are not high enough,
The back breadth isn't flat;
I cannot wear the old clothes
And go with Mrs. Slatte.

I cannot wear the old clothes,
The sleeves are all too short;
My fur coat needs a shawl-shaped stole
Or something of that sort.
My pillow-muff should be a rug,
My hat a bulky dome;
I cannot wear the old clothes—
I'd rather stay at home!

I cannot wear the old clothes,
I need a whole new rig;
And, though I'm plump and dumpy,
I do not care a fig.
I'll have a narrow, clinging skirt,
With knickers underneath;
I cannot wear the old clothes—
I've got to have a sheath!

THEN AND NOW

I CANNOT hear the old songs
I heard ere I was wed,
Because my wife insists upon
Grand opera instead.
And though I list to liquid notes
From golden-throated men;
I cannot hear the old songs,
Nor see those girls again.

I cannot hear the old songs,
Those happy, foolish things;
Although they're thrumming in my head
When Tetrazzini sings.
I think about those catchy tunes
Till motifs sadly jar;
I cannot hear the old songs,
I have to hear Farrar.

I cannot hear the old songs,
I own it makes me sad;
I want to hear "Blue Eyes" again,
Or something just as bad.
But I must go to "Hoffmann's Tales,"
And pay the prices steep;
I cannot hear the old songs—
And so I go to sleep.

INSIDE FACTS

YOU see, all her people were eager
To have it hushed up very soon;
So the statement, explicit though meager,
"The dish ran away with the spoon,"
Was all the reporter could gather
Of her sudden elopement with him,
And, of course, you'll admit it was rather
Provokingly slim.

But I've since heard the truth of the matter;
I'll tell it to you, if you wish.
There was much idle gossip and chatter,
And every one blamed the poor dish.
You see, she was awfully pretty,
And belonged to a very rich set;
And the spoon—well, of course 'twas a pity
That ever they met.

The meeting was quite accidental;
It occurred at a dinner one night;
And as both were a bit sentimental,
Of course it was love at first sight.
The spoon to the end of his handle
With sudden emotion was thrilled;
While the dish, never dreaming of scandal,
With rapture was filled.

INSIDE FACTS

Then the spoon grew more recklessly daring—
He was fond as a lover could be;
All sorts of rash vows he was swearing,
And he murmured, "Sweet dish, fly with me!"
"I will," and the dish smiled with pleasure.
The first chance to fly they embraced;
And now they're repenting at leisure
For wedding in haste.

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